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# MEASURE



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1940

# MEASURE

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# MEASURE

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# Kentucky's Medical Pioneer

CARL J. HEITZ '40.

*Surgery has reached such a high degree of perfection that an appendectomy is considered a minor operation. In his biographical essay Mr. Heitz delves into the life of one who is notably responsible for this art. Reading what he has to say makes us properly appreciative of the doctor and the need we have of him.*

Today as one passes through those hills and vast meadows of bluegrass his thoughts go back to the days when Kentucky, the offspring of Virginia, was the frontier of the West; to the years 1769 and 1770, when Daniel Boone and Colonel James Knox took their first step upon the soil which was to become the state of Kentucky in 1792; to the time when those hills and valleys were peopled by the red man; to the struggles between the white and the red races as the two met in mortal conflict upon those fields, covering the green with a coating of red; to the pages of history with their origin upon this very soil from which sprang great pioneers in every field of human endeavor. Among those pioneers was Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a Virginian by birth and a Kentuckian by adoption.

Kentucky has honored its medical pioneer Ephraim McDowell at Danville, the first state capitol. As one enters Danville today he will see a monument of Virginia granite in the form of a shaft. In the center of this shaft is a bronze medallion of McDowell beneath which are inscribed these words: "Honor to whom honor is due." On the frontispiece, encircled by a laurel wreath, are these words boldly written: "A grateful profession reveres his memory and treasures his example." This monument was erected in 1879 by the Kentucky State Medical Society.

Among the beautiful hills and meadows surrounding Danville, McDowell spent the greater part of his life, for at the age of thirteen he came to Danville from Virginia. A native of Rockbridge County, Virginia, he was born of Scotch descent on November 11, 1771, the ninth child in a family of eleven. Here he lived temporarily on the edge of western civilization at the spot where his grandfather fell defending his grant against the Indians. His father was a Judge of the District Court. Ephraim's early youth coincided with those trying days when the American colonies were fighting for their freedom from England. Five years after his birth the Declaration of Independence was signed.

In the Kentucky forests surrounding this frontier village of Danville,



to which the McDowell family migrated, the surveyor's outfit, the plow, and the rifle were inseparable. Such an early environment led Ephriam to become a self-reliant character. By birth he belonged to the aristocracy of his time, but it was not an aristocracy of wealth and leisure; it represented the foremost citizens in a new and aggressive country.

After receiving an elementary education he began his study of medicine at the age of nineteen under Dr. Humphreys, of Staunton, Virginia. In those days it was the common practice for a young man intent on getting a medical education to serve as an apprentice to some well-established doctor. Upon learning all that the doctor had to offer he would be ready to start practicing the art and science of medicine himself.

But McDowell was more privileged; he spent one year of medical research at the University of Edinburg in Scotland, then the medical center of the world. Here he studied under John Bell, a renowned anatomist of his time, and undoubtedly the future success which McDowell later achieved as an abdominal surgeon is largely due to the thorough grounding in anatomy he received under Dr. Bell. At any rate we discredit completely this statement of a competitor: "He (McDowell) went to Edinburg a gosling, and that Edinburg made a goose of him." Due in all probability to lack of funds McDowell left the university without receiving a degree.

In those pioneer days it was not necessary to have a medical degree, for the regulations were very lax compared to the strict and well-founded federal and state medical laws of today. McDowell, returning to America in 1795, settled down to begin his practice of medicine in Danville, Kentucky. Here, in 1802, he married Miss Sarah Hart Shelby, daughter of Isaac Shelby, first governor of Kentucky. Slowly but surely he established his reputation as a skillful and noted surgeon.

#### *Kitchen Surgery*

About sixty miles from Danville is a tract of land known as Motley's Glen, nestled among the green, rolling hills. Here dwelt Thomas Crawford, one of those pioneer farmers whose calloused hands, coarse dress, hearts of steel, and immortal souls that knew no fear were the backbone of old Kentucky. His wife, Jane Todd Crawford, had already brought five children into their snug little log cabin with its open fireplace, black iron pots, and hard clay floor.

Again she thought that she was pregnant. But as her time drew nearer and she felt no stirring of life within her, she began to become somewhat concerned, and called in two neighboring doctors for consultation. Neither could diagnose the case. In desperation these country physicians summoned Dr. McDowell, whose reputation as a good surgeon had spread throughout the hills.

McDowell responded immediately, riding the sixty miles on horseback from Danville to Motley's Glen, his saddlebags containing all the medicines and surgical instruments needed. After a thorough examination he gave his diagnosis; Mrs. Crawford had a very large abdominal tumor.

What was this young doctor to do? A life was entrusted to his skill, yet neither he nor anyone else had prior to this time saved the life of one so afflicted. He had no hospital facilities, no laboratories or clinics at his disposal, no staff of surgeons and diagnosticians to consult. He was on his own.

What could he do? Dr. McDowell knew that nothing short of an operation would save the life of this mother. But that was an unheard-of risk.

He had one ally—Mrs. Crawford herself. One of those pioneer mothers who were accustomed to the hardships and perils of the wilderness they were helping to conquer, when she learned her true condition and the risk that an operation would mean, she readily consented to undergo it.

In order that he might look after his patient and observe her progress after a hoped-for successful operation the doctor asked Mrs. Crawford to come to his home in Danville. Not in a streamlined limousine did she make the journey; her ambulance was the doctor's horse. With her tumor resting on the pommel of the saddle she rode the sixty miles in front of the surgeon. They took several days for the trip, traveling slowly to lessen the pain of this courageous woman. Then she rested, preparing for the experiment.

Not only did Dr. McDowell's reputation depend upon the success of this operation; according to one story, his very life was at stake. Those ignorant and superstitious people of the village and countryside awaited the outcome of what they considered the "butchering of a woman." Had she died they would have thought it their duty to avenge her.\* No doubt he was under a severe mental strain.

While she rested he carefully made his preparations, diligently studying every step to be taken. Before he began he offered this prayer: "Almighty God, be with me, I humbly beseech thee, in this thy holy hour; give me becoming awe of thy presence, grant me thy direction and aid . . . Oh, spare this poor afflicted woman. Give me true faith in the atonement of thy Son, Jesus Christ, and a love sufficient to procure thy favor and blessing; that worshipping thee in spirit and in truth my services may be accepted through His sufficient merit. Amen."

Kitchen Surgery is the appellation now given to this kind of primitive surgery. The operating table was one of those rough-hewn domestic articles of furniture characteristic of the time; the anesthetic, the humane attitude of the surgeon and the will power of the patient.

\* Schacbner denies that a mob surrounded the house.

Assisted by his nephew, a young medical student who had studied in Philadelphia, Dr. McDowell began the operation. For twenty-five minutes Mrs. Crawford alternately bit her teeth together and recited psalms. She may have swooned before it was over, but life still pulsed in her veins.

The details of the operation and its step by step account as set down are too gruesome to record here. It is sufficient to say that a partly cystic and partly solid tumor of the ovary was removed. The cystic portion weighed fifteen pounds; the solid, seven and one-half—a total of twenty-two and one-half pounds of foreign substance which had developed in the delicate organs of this patient.

Recovery was the happy result of this crude operation. Within five days Mrs. Crawford could arise from her bed; in twenty-five days she returned home, a healthy woman, forty-seven years of age, and lived a normal life for thirty-one more years.

Another result was that abdominal surgery was founded, and with it the saving of innumerable lives. It proved that the dangers of opening the peritoneum were more apparent than real. Dr. Ephriam McDowell had conquered one of man's many abdominal perils. The time was 1809.

In each of the years 1813 and 1816 Dr. McDowell again successfully performed an operation on an ovarian cyst. Being a modest man he had hesitated to publish his first great success; now, since he had three ovariectomies to his credit, he thought he should publish his findings for the benefit of other men of medicine. This he did in 1817. But what he revealed received little attention from other physicians; they took it merely as a case in which a backwoods doctor had overshot his mark.

Always a fighter, no matter what the odds, McDowell did not give up. In 1819 he reported two additional cases. This time he received followers among men of surgery and gynecology both in America and in Europe. Once again the pioneer had proved his correctness and worth.

Of thirteen ovariectomies performed by Dr. McDowell eight of his patients recovered. A more than one-third mortality rate may seem high until we consider the conditions under which he operated. In comparison to modern sanitation, aids and appliances, his was the "stone age of surgery;" he was the first surgeon west of the Alleghany Mountains.

He had much greater success with lithotomic operations, thirty-two successful ones being to his credit. One of these patients was James K. Polk, who later became President of the United States; through Dr. McDowell his career became a possibility. Besides, there were several other operations of a serious nature.

Although McDowell held no degree of Doctor of Medicine until granted an honorary one by the University of Maryland in 1827 for his splendid achievement in the field of abdominal surgery, his own self-initiative, dependability, daring and clear thinking under all circumstances made his name revered.



The doctor was every inch a man. Standing six feet tall, he was erect, and noted for his strength and agility. His complexion was florid; his eyes, a lustrous black. A ready wit and a keen sense of humor were evident in those eyes. He was a lover of nature—of the good earth; he himself had a large farm under an overseer on which he raised fine horses and swine, the ambition of every true country gentleman of Kentucky. In his religion he was very sincere and humble; desiring the prayers of the church, he preferred to operate on Sundays. Toward his patients he was kind, sympathetic, and inspiring. His success as a surgeon is attributed to his intense conscientiousness and a scrupulous regard for the welfare of his patients.

The year 1830 ended the brilliant career of America's Dr. Ephriam McDowell at the age of fifty-nine. Laid to rest first in the family burial ground of the Shelbys, at Travelers Post, about five miles from Danville, in 1879 his remains were removed to McDowell Park in Danville.

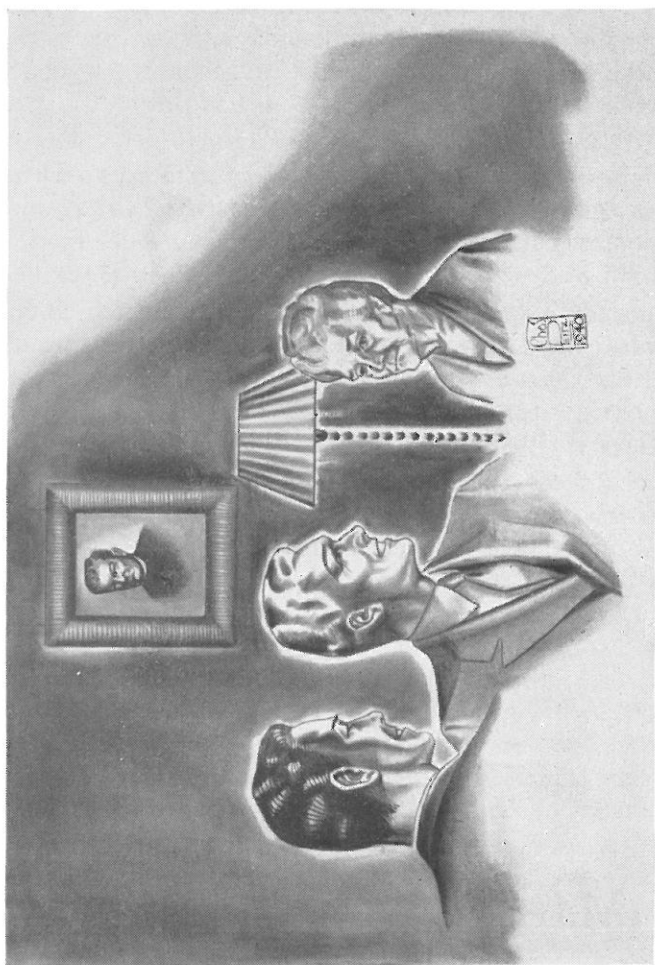
Little do people today realize the hardships and trials which confronted the pioneer doctor and surgeon. Modern hospitals, clinics and sanitariums are lauded for their assistance to the sick; the struggles of the pioneers who made this possible are relegated almost to complete oblivion. Surely among these early progressives was Dr. Ephriam McDowell.

To him we pay a deserving tribute. He is the "Father of Ovariectomy," the "Founder of Abdominal Surgery." He is one of the pillars of medical science—a self-made man, a medical pioneer!

## Modern Mauseleums

There are three kinds of mice—blind mice, field mice, and house mice. Of the first kind there are only three, all of which appear in a song. The number of field mice is countless, but only one is famous—the one Robert Burns plowed out of a stubble field. House mice are as numerous as field mice, and all of them are popular. Walt Disney made them so. Today every home that has children has at least one of these Walt Disney mice.

Wouldn't this be a happier world if the cartoonist could make children as attractive as mice?



*The kind smiling face above the white circular collar breathed joy  
and sanctity from its place on the world.*

# The Story of the Picture

JOSEPH A. DELL '40.

*How often has not an outstanding personality in a community become a legend. No doubt many of you have heard of one or the other, and perhaps some of you knew such a one personally. Whether you have or not you will enjoy Mr. Dell's "Story of the Picture."*

There it was again. The kind smiling face above the white circular collar breathed joy and sanctity from its place on the wall. Was the picture a sort of example, a model for those fighting the thorny way to better things? It wasn't an heirloom, the property of an individual. No, I had seen it in every house so far. This was the sixth. Was I to see it in all the rest?

"Mrs. Baye, this is Mr. Zale, your new insurance man."

These words snapped me back to the concrete. I was being introduced to another of the policy holders on my debit. A good impression now; my best smile. There, that ought to do it.

"But, Mr. Johns, you're not leaving us after all these years?" exclaimed Mrs. Baye, a slight woman with her silver hair betraying her years.

"Yes, but Mr. Zale here will take over and if you cooperate with him as you——"

I had heard that before. But what about that picture? Why should it have a prominent place in every household? There's some mystery here and my detective spirit, cultivated by many adventures with noted literary sleuths, demanded an answer.

Mrs. Baye and Bob Johns chatted on like old friends. That was good. I was more interested in my problem anyway. My new position with the Acme Insurance Co., a Catholic company, would not be endangered by my silence. Perhaps she would think me a thoughtful young man. That impression wouldn't hurt. Later I wouldn't want to hear the gossip in each house. This pensive attitude, if not taken for coolness, might then prove a good thing.

I was seated opposite the picture. While the other two chattered on I gave it my undivided attention. From out an angular face small twinkling eyes caressed everything with a light touch. They could be a study in themselves. A thick mass of parted wavy hair rose from a high forehead. Black clerical cloth covered wide shoulders capable of bearing almost any burden. His whole appearance exhibited a kindly strength. So much for that.



But why this picture in all the homes? Had this priest, for that he no doubt was, done something extraordinary that his memory was so revered? Surely his must be an interesting story. But what was it? Could it be——?”

“Mr. Zale and I will have to run along. We must cover the entire debit today because this is my last day,” said Mr. Johns as he brought their little chat to a close.

And just when my imagination had begun with prodigious leaps to weave a story around this interesting picture. So I reluctantly rose and said good-bye to Mrs. Baye, wondering if she would be quite as genial when I would come to collect the insurance or to insure a new grandchild.

In the car I decided to ask Mr. Johns about it instead of continuing my imaginative story, so I said, “Mr. Johns, there’s something I’ve been wondering about.”

“I’ll be glad to help you in any way if I can, but first let’s get some dinner. I know a good place if it’s OK with you.”

“Sure, go right ahead. It makes no difference to me.”

“What’s your trouble? I know this business inside out.”

“Oh, it’s not a business problem. With my experience I’ll have no trouble with that,” I assured him.

“Well, then, what is it?”

“It’s that picture of the priest.”

“Oh, that. I had forgotten that it would arouse your curiosity. It did others through the years. You’ll see it in most of the homes of older people that we get into. There’s a very interesting story connected with it, but here’s where we eat.”

After we had placed our orders he said, “I guess I had better start from the beginning. I was a good friend of his until he died about ten years ago. He was pastor here at St. John’s. But that’s not the beginning. Not quite fifty years ago there was a young man of poor parents who wished to become a priest. To everyone but himself it seemed an impossibility. So when young Tom Con started to work on the railroad they thought that he realized how impossible of attainment was his ambition. Tom never talked about it. He just worked. Soon his reliability and steadiness had marked him for better things with the railroad.

“Then suddenly one September Tom quit his job and entered the diocesan seminary. He had earned enough to start the long hard road to his real goal. Not being a brilliant fellow he had rather a hard time. Each June he came back and continued his work with the railroad. With his summer earnings he met his tuition and sundry expenses. Year after year he studied and worked. Then suddenly his health broke. If his struggle was hard before, then now it verged on the impossible. Dauntless and persevering he crept on towards his life’s ambition. He advanced

two years in his studies in each three years. At last he completed his studies. With a late start and extra years on the trail he was much older than his classmates; in fact, he was in his middle thirties.

"Contrary to usual procedure the bishop sent him to his home town. There amidst memories of his former years he started his priestly career. Before his ordination Father Con was well-liked by all who knew him. After his ordination as his acquaintance grew so did his popularity.

"Father Con was a man of action. He did not ask for money that this or that improvement might be made. No, he did it himself. It was not at all an unusual sight to see Father Con fixing the furnace, repairing steps and painting. Nor did his dignity suffer by these menial occupations. He was the pastor of a hard-working mining town, and he worked as did his parishioners. Of course, this work was not at the expense of his pastoral duties. They went hand in hand.

"It was not long before the people were proud of their religion, their church, their pastor.

"Then one day it seems that Father Con thought that their honor for him was detracting honor from God. Why he thought this nobody knows. But it was rumored that he overheard two miners discussing religion and him. It seems that one of them declared that it was Father Con who drew him to church, and that if Father Con would leave he would probably drop back into his old rut.

"The realization that one of his parishioners entertained such thoughts hurt Father Con deeply. Could it be his fault? He had always wished them to respect, honor and like him, and had gone out of his way to make them do so. But was he right? Surely, he did not want them to honor him more than Him. Yet he kept his people in the one fold. He taught them, he worked for them; he was mediator for them. Naturally they would respect and honor him. Nevertheless the attitude he had overheard was wrong. He must correct that. Maybe he should start with himself. But no, he was not to blame. He was doing his best. By drawing men instead of antagonizing them he was leading souls to God. That was right. It was not his fault. On Sunday he'd better preach against such an attitude. That would help.

"Sunday came. He preached his sermon and hoped that he had corrected this false opinion. Yet he was not satisfied. Over and over and over again he pondered the problem. Despite all the thought, each time he resolved to continue as before. After all, he was doing his best and seemed to be succeeding. But was he? That conversation proved that he wasn't really succeeding in making the people love God for His sake. Then he would be back again where he started from. All his deliberation availed nothing. Well, he would continue to lead souls to God as he had done in the past. Perhaps that specious attitude wasn't so universal at that.

"One day some time later he went over to his parochial school, as was his wont, to see how the children were progressing. I well remember that day, for when he came into the classroom we were reading. So the good nun had one of us read to Father Con. Why she picked on me I don't know, but she did. By the way, I was in the fifth grade at the time. So I stood up to read. It so happened that we were reading about Robin Hood that day. You know Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John and the other men in lincoln green. Well, I read one of their little episodes, and when I had finished Father Con complimented me.

"Then I asked him a question. None of us were afraid to ask this kindly priest anything, and he always delighted in answering our childish questions. My question was, Was it wrong for Robin Hood to steal from the rich and give to the poor? We must have been studying the seventh commandment about that time to provoke me to ask such a question.

"Anyway he smiled and said, 'The end never justifies the means, so Robin Hood did wrong by robbing the rich even to give to the poor.'

"Then he went on to explain his answer more fully, elucidating for fifth graders, 'The end never justifies the means,' when suddenly his eyes clouded and with a far away look he finished his explanation and abruptly left the room.

"He had applied 'The end never justifies the means' to his own problem. It solved it. From then on he strove to make the people realize that he was just the servant of God. The rest of his life he devoted to that purpose, making people love God, not through him but for His sake alone. During his life he succeeded. But after his death his picture was placed in a prominent position in almost every household. Parents show this picture to their children while telling them little stories from his saintly life. That's the story of the picture. And now back to work. You know we must finish this introducing business today."

Again his picture had found its way into a prominent place, my mind, where this symbol of sanctity and strength with its story will be ever cherished.

Religion is not a plan of dullness, but a thrilling adventure—with eternity as the stake.

H. L. B., THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL EDITOR

To paint the things of Christ, the artist must live with Christ.

Fra Angelico



# Bird Banding

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS '42.

*Everything that Alice discovered in Wonderland can be found in nature, not only by a William Beebe but by any amateur who cultivates the practice of seeking. Writing on his favorite hobby, Mr. Theodosius opens for you the door to a few of nature's secrets.*

It's quite a thrill to be the first one in your neighborhood to see the first robin or bluebird of the new year. However, have you ever stopped to think where this particular species was since the last time you saw it?

The migrations of birds were probably among the first natural phenomena to attract the attention of man. Recorded observations date back nearly 3,000 years. In the Bible are several references to the periodic movements of birds, as in the book of Job (39:36): "Doth the hawk fly by the wisdom and stretch her wings toward the south!"

Yes, you may be correct in some of your theories on the migrations of birds. But have you positive proof? Have you ever stopped to think whether or not the barn swallow you saw six or eight months ago is the same one returning to its old haunts?

Imagine the surprise of a young lad when he snatches a pretty bird from the clutches of a predatory cat and sees a band on it! He makes a breath-taking dash into the house. Just before entering the room in which his dad is enjoying a chat with a friend, he trips himself on the carpet, sending the helpless bird sliding across the room to the feet of his surprised father, who has taught his son not to interrupt him when he is having conversation.

Angrily arising, his father's glance falls upon a small aluminum band around the leg of the bewildered bird. In accordance with a request stamped on the band he reports the finding to the U. S. Biological Survey, in Washington, D. C., where the bird's history is on file. The Biological Survey acknowledges the finder and notifies the person who originally banded the bird. Thus another scientific fragment has been added to the jigsaw of migrations.

Bird banding in America dates from the time of Audubon, who about 1803, used silver wire to mark a brood of phoebes. He was rewarded in the following season by two of his birds returning to the same vicinity. In the early part of the present century several banding or marking schemes were projected, one of which resulted in the organization in

December, 1909, of the American Bird Banding Association. The work accomplished by that association together with the development of the method of systematic trapping, demonstrated the possibilities of extensive banding operations. With a realization that the information from banded migratory birds would be of great value in connection with the administration of the migratory-bird treaty of July 3, 1918, the Biological Survey in 1920 took over the work of the American Bird Banding Association.

Bands issued by the U. S. Biological Survey are manufactured from tempered aluminum, stamped with the inscription "Notify Biological Survey," and also a serial number. This becomes the bird's number, under which all known facts about it are filed. The bands are made in nine different sizes, to fit any bird found in North America.

A new development makes use of colored celluloid bands; this enables one to identify his own birds at a glance without capturing them. It is useful when studying individuals in a limited area. A system has been devised that gives 14,406 possible color combinations.

"How do you catch them?" is the question most often asked. Bird banders have contrived a bewildering array of contraptions, but their main standby is still the "funnel trap" by which seed-eating birds are enticed into a compartment from which they have difficulty in finding their way out. Even more ancient is the screen propped up by a stick to which a long string is tied, often carried into the house and operated from a window.

One of the very interesting ways of catching the little fliers was used by the ingenious Father Carl F. Nieset, of St. Joseph's College, in Indiana. He made numerous catches in the dead of night by merely using a small flashlight which he trained into the eyes of the surprised bird. While it was temporarily blinded by the bright light a helper easily and gently caught the bird with his hands.

Since 1920 over three million birds have been banded, mostly by the 2193 registered amateur banders. One Louisiana cooperator banded 28,845 birds in 1938.

People in all walks of life address envelopes to the Biological Survey which bring the great thrill that comes to every bird bander when one of his birds is picked up. Farmers on their way to town, children walking to school, explorers, missionaries, traders and natives in remote lands—all are attracted by the shiny metal band which proclaims: "I am a special bird—an emissary for science." Newspapers print dramatic stories of the finding of banded birds, and the whole brotherhood of bird banders thrills to each important discovery.

It is interesting to note some of the information which has been derived from the results of bird banding. The longest flight on record is that

of an Arctic tern which traveled approximately 9,000 miles, from Labrador to South Africa, in less than 90 days. Official reports in the files of the Biological Survey reveal much interesting and valuable information. A tree sparrow was banded at Berlin, Massachusetts, and recovered at Hardin, Texas. Another example is of a bluebird banded at Truro, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, May 17, 1934, and caught at Soperton, Georgia, December 1, 1934. Another fine point of information is shown in the record of the Crested Flycatcher, which was banded June 30, 1929, at Norristown, Pennsylvania, and was recaptured June 22, 1933; July 8, 1934; May 23, 1935; June 27, 1936. It mated for three successive years with the same bird and was at least eight years old, in 1936.

Banding is the only method which proves definitely how long birds in the wild can live. The oldest age recorded in the United States is that of an osprey or fish hawk, 21 years. From Germany come records of herring gulls more than 20 years old, one reaching the ripe old age of 28. Small birds are not long-lived, but the bander is almost certain to see some of his own birds return faithfully year after year after long journeys. When one's own birds return from their lone flights—traceable through the reports of other bird banders—one has almost the thrill of having traveled with the bird.

Some birds become rather domesticated, as Fr. Nieset discovered regarding a blue jay, which having been banded, returned to his traps three times that same year. The following year, however, it made it a practice to enter the traps whenever it felt too lazy to look around for food. Before the season was over Mr. Blue Jay had a few of his buddies doing the same thing.

Some of the problems that may be solved to a point more accurate are:

Migrations: What are the arriving and leaving times? How long will individuals of different species remain at the station? Do males, females, and young travel together, or if separately, which comes or goes first? Is there much return to the same winter stations?

Plumage: What is the sequence of plumage changes by fading, wear, and molt? Is there variation in the color of the iris, bill, and feet among individuals of a single species? Are there detectable differences in sex species where male and female are similarly colored and marked? How does the plumage develop on young birds from the first to the fully formed feather?

Personality: Do individual birds have relative personalities in appearances, habits and manners? Banded birds are individuals, and should be studied as such.

Mating activities: What are the facts relative to permanence of matings? Does polygamy, polyandry, or inbreeding take place? In the case of death of one of a mated pair, will the other obtain a new mate? Is the first nest used for a second brood?



These and many more problems such as parasites and diseases, weights and measurements, longevity, and ecological preferences when once solved will make the study of ornithology more complete and interesting.

Bird banding is and can be far more thrilling than bird hunting and far more constructive. Banders and scientists work shoulder to shoulder in bird banding. The bander who bands perhaps two or three hundred birds a year is just as important as the dyed-in-the-wool scientist who spends his time in the laboratory classifying birds by their formations. Equally important, too, is Mr. Citizen who reports to the Biological Survey the finding of any banded bird. From reports constantly sent in to the Biological Survey by the cooperators a picture is gradually being put together which sheds new light on the avian study, knowledge that would be impossible without bird banding.

## Persistence and Precision

### *A Lesson From Science*

Long before the first semester approaches its end many a freshman in college science courses has learned that his college career means a definite break in his educational career. The change has been sharper than he had anticipated. It marks a new step forward in his training. A new method, a new point of view has been adopted. College science demands more work and more precision. That's it—more exactitude. Exactness is the cry of the hour, exactness in reading his texts, exactness of scrutiny in the laboratory, exactness in reporting such findings in his note book. He has had to dig in and take a firmer grip on himself and his work. He must stick to the job. He must be persistent as well as precise.

He had expected that Biology would bring extensive trips into the woods to study plants and animals in their native haunts. He expected Physics to be a protracted experience in garage work or mechanics, and Chemistry to be a more or less playful study of atom smashing. Instead of this Biology is narrowing his interests to fewer specimens and limiting his study to the inner secrets of anatomy and functions within each such specimen. There is division and subdivision of parts, greater and greater magnification, a study of smaller and smaller groups of cells. Physics has brought more mathematics, and Chemistry has presented more formulas and problems than he had thought could ever exist. Problems, especially the practical ones, seem to come from a clear sky, sometimes before the principles governing them have been explained. He has to think for himself as well as apply the principles in his texts.

All in all his experience in science courses has been one of pinning down his ears.

# On First Impressions

LEO GAULRAPP '40.

*How do you regard first impressions of persons and things? Some people go so far as to insist that their first impressions are always or nearly always correct. As he humanizes on the subject Mr. Gaulrapp arrives at a different conclusion. In fact, he quite effectively explodes the idea of complacent intuitionism.*

Out of the daze of introductions to people, to things, to ideas, to this, to that, a mind emerges thinking. But before that gray matter starts swelling things, like yeast the dough, the first impression hovers momentarily, and in recalling many of these that come day in and day out, I find them somewhat interesting. They are by no means always humorous or witty, but that doesn't defeat the interest, since there exist only a few who hold all non-comical times boring.

Not being a hermit, I meet people every day. The same individuals generally as the day before. The impressions gained anew from them may lack the vigor of those developed from strangers. But an impression, a first one, usually arises.

There is that old excuse for a grouchy mood, "got out of the wrong side of the bed." There is here implied evidently that there must be a right (that is a correct) side on which to arise, or as is more probably the idea, the customary side. I have found by experiment that one does the habitual things with little variety. One dresses in the same order, a particular shoe or slipper always first. I've never tried this, but I believe it very probable that if the bed of a heavy sleeper, who is likewise a fast and punctual riser, were so placed that a wall bordered the side on which he invariably emerged, there would develop a somewhat pitifully humorous situation.

This is a bit of digression, but it has its point. These instinctive first actions have a likeness to our first impressions. I have frequently heard people comment that a hat or some other suggestion of a head-dress is what first attracts their attention at a chance meeting. With others again something else proves the stop-and-look sign. Shoes, or like excuses for not walking flat on the floor, seem to have a magnetic pull on my first glance. I think it was a chance development most fortunate. By seeing the little skiffs of some and the boats of others, I become more conscious of my own. It is fortunate, I say, because the urge to apply friction to a

pre-spread thin coat of a black creamy substance becomes more pronounced and perhaps a little more frequent.

Men's shoes show many differences, of course, in design and construction, even perhaps in color (or better, tone). But designing feminine footwear must be a flourishing industry in itself. To come upon two women in a hundred whose shoes are identical would be so rare that I can imagine such a case would cause a disappointment. Naturally I do not mean to frown on such interesting and dainty footwear. In a way for those who perchance have in common with myself the habit of building a first impression from that foundation, these multiple designs in leather and firm cloth (or paper) serve as one of those varieties which the adage holds acts as the spice of life.

Those who are ever strictly punctual, very frequently have to wait. (Far better, however, patiently to accept the inevitable wait than yield anyone the opportunity to describe you as late.) Waiting in a public place or at least where others pass by, should not be boring, for there are too many things to notice where people, new personalities, are figured. I wonder how many greetings between strangers have been left unrealized, offset by an objectionable way of walking in the other individual's eyes. Of course we are all appealed to in different ways. First impressions in this instance point out the rusty or oiled gate to agreeable openings.

If an imaginary line were traced in air by some people's headpiece as it moves through space, a weaving caterpillar suggestion would result. A collegian (one of those people who are so apt at coining phrases with color) gave a pin-point description of such by urging that the person stop walking on the clods. Again, the only living things which we notice without disdain, pointing the more extended part of the visage starward in the daytime, would be those breeds of dogs used before shot-guns or rifles. Dutch windmills are a very pleasing sight, with those great arms swinging. However, people never look well imitating them. To start forming a rough sketch of a man's outward character, however, from his motion afoot is as foolproof as trying to do so from handshakes, dress, and other relatively flimsy evidence. Nevertheless one must admit a man or woman's carriage gives one of those first impressions which influence somewhat strongly at times the idea we patch together to characterize a new personality.

So far I have in rambling fashion set down some first impressions which arise from our contact with humanity or from things in their relation to people. Each man or woman's first impression to others, I believe, was a lovable one. For all were babies, and babies are rather generally accepted as lovable creatures, providing, I had better add, that we tackle each from the right angle. Pure helplessness is the first impression that hooks us in this regard—helplessness, the irresistible magnet for sympathy.



Sympathy is happy and loving as often as it companions sadness, even though it may from use suggest the latter more strongly. It is soul-filling to think of the value of that first impression which brings sympathy on its expansion. Every nurse, I feel, must, subconsciously at least, have so developed the urge to embrace her chivalrous profession.

Ideas, the cogs of the rational world, come to our notice all the time. The latest brain-spark of some man comes out in a new production—a play, a musical composition, a painting, in any of the works of art. Here, wholesale, are garnered initial impressions. But these are not sound critics. The first impressions we have of ideas and theories act as signs over imaginary gates, which open onto the various bars of discussion. An idea may be saved or killed depending on the manner in which our mind opens argument upon it. So it can be seen that it is an important cue here offered by those interesting first impressions. For whether we take up a new question under discussion with a defending attitude or do so with an accusing one, there exists the possibility that a little bit of unconquered subjectivism can throw the two results at odds. For when proceeding down different routes to a value-goal still unidentified, the points of view will differ, one will be broader than the other. Thus more details on one side will tend to alter a final evaluation.

But enough! A short reflection on first impressions opens the curtain a little to show their role on this world, which a great man called a stage. They are little things, most of them quite passing. But how they can at times wrench the works! They give the starting pushes which break our inertia toward a certain direction. Therefore they bear watching and a bit of training also in order that they may not start us rolling at an angle from a good course. A sphere in motion is slow to alter with the best man on it. Good initial impressions save hours of misunderstanding, avert endless trouble, and beget fast appreciation.

## Making Up Time

Out of the furnace of the South have risen themes, atmospheres for numerous artists. The negro forms a core for the spirituals, admired and sung by scores of our own color. This race, which has added such a definite shade to the American background we cherish, has moved on a soil which harbors culture for only a couple centuries. The white Americans, outpouring of Europe long ago, have an inheritance on which to rest which extends centuries backwards, a revival even then of much that had gone before.

A natural habit, perhaps, when a race favors itself and has aversion for another. Startling, indeed, if a student led at graduation, having commenced studies a week before. The negro, as a race, must have studied overtime already to achieve what it has.

# This Substance Called Aluminum

PETER A. ETZKORN '42.

*"In the aluminum field there are a thousand and one applications." So convincingly does Mr. Etzkorn lead up to this conclusion that his essay should serve as an incentive to a number of red-blooded youths who are inclined toward mechanics to enroll in the enthusiastic school of aluminum advancement.*

Most modern metals are as old as history. For instance, lead was used by the ancient Romans. Iron and copper were employed as early as 3,000 B.C. But aluminum, by contrast, is comparatively new in respect to these other metals.

In the early eighties of the last century aluminum was a very expensive metal, with few uses and a dubious outlook. In 1886, Charles Martin Hall revolutionized the entire aluminum industry by developing a process for electrolytically extracting the metal from its oxide. Consequently the price of aluminum dropped almost over night, and during the last fifty years the creation of many diversified markets has gone on. It was only because of Andrew Mellon's generosity that Hall was able to carry on his research. Therefore, we are duly justified to credit some of the advancements in the aluminum industry to Mellon.

In the relatively short span of fifty years aluminum has come to rank fourth in the point of tonnage among the world's metals. This country alone has over 200 aluminum fabricating plants. One of the largest of these is located at New Kensington, Pennsylvania. In this aluminum city many scientists and technologists work in the laboratories to aid in discovering new uses for aluminum as well as to learn new facts regarding its remarkable properties.

Though aluminum is now a relatively common product, a century ago barely a pennyweight of the refined metal could be obtained. At that time chemical methods of extracting it from bauxite ore were so expensive that it was classified even on a higher plane than gold and platinum. Napoleon II realized this fact; he used his aluminum forks and spoons only on special occasions, his gold and silverware for everyday.

In struggling for a role in industry, aluminum was endowed with a number of outstanding characteristics. These properties, when taken collectively, were possessed by no other single metal. It has the inherent qualities of lightness, good electrical and heat conductivity, resistance

to corrosion, excellent workability, non-toxicity, and a very attractive appearance. All of its uses depend upon these properties, and it is reasonable to assume that future applications will likewise be based on them.

Strong alloys of aluminum were developed in the United States in 1920. Between 1920 and 1935 astonishing strides were made. Tensile strength was increased to a point equaling that of hard steel, and better corrosion-resisting alloys were produced. But the ultimate advancement is by no means in sight; the near future will rapturously see new alloys with still better properties. Perhaps it is true that for the present needs the aluminum alloys are adequate, but tomorrow's needs will be much greater, and it will then be necessary to create new alloys to cope with them. Before industries are able to make rapid strides they will be compelled to utilize these aluminum alloys. Those that fail to do so will suffer financial setbacks.

The destructive property of corrosion has been one of the chief problems with all metals of the past. Millions of dollars worth of property are destroyed annually because of this. Here again aluminum comes to the aid of humanity because of its resistance to corrosion. By means of a protective oxide coating on its surface it to a considerable extent prevents oxidation. Besides, aluminum research facilities have been directed for several years toward a perfect solution of this corrosive problem. Eventually corrosion-proof aluminum alloys will become a reality, and the metal will be employable in countless places where it is impossible to use it as yet.

Undoubtedly tomorrow's best customer for the advanced alloys of aluminum will be the transportation industry. Today aluminum alloys so far discovered are used in the manufacture of automobiles, railroad coaches, electric street cars, buses, trucks, airplanes, and marine vessels. All of these transportation vehicles have the same objectives—speed, safety, economy, and comfort. These aims have been fostered because of the remarkably light alloys of aluminum.

Since the modern trends in the transportation industry are directed toward aluminum products, airplane construction factories are building liners almost entirely of aluminum wings, motor and fuselage. With an ever-increasing pressure being brought to bear on aviation companies for ships that will fly faster and farther, material must keep pace with design. Airplanes in the future, constructed with super-alloys of aluminum, may hurtle through the stratosphere at a thousand or more miles an hour, bring New York and London within three hours of each other, and permit travelers to circle the globe in a single day.

The consumption of aluminum products in the automobile industry has also become a definite reality. As early as 1902 cars had aluminum bodies, and some engine parts were composed of the metal. Much more aluminum is being used today than ever before, although the application



is still limited to such vital parts of the power plant as the pistons and cylinder heads. It remains for the future generation to establish a need for a car in which the inherent lightness of aluminum alloys will make possible a saving in operating costs sufficient to overcome the high initial cost.

In the future the demands for economy will undoubtedly result in a more general adoption of the Diesel engine in motor cars. Since engines of this type require a great deal of space and much more metal than present motor cars require, they will be lightened by the use of new aluminum alloys. The greater number of Diesels today have aluminum bedplates, crankcases, and cylinders. Tomorrow's applications will perhaps be even more numerous.

In the manufacture of paint aluminum plays an important part. Even its weight-saving possibilities are almost too startling to believe. In one instance the use of aluminum paint for a cruiser permitted a weight reduction of over 100,000 pounds. Every year millions of pounds of metal are reduced to powder to provide pigment for aluminum paint. This paint has won for itself a favorite role in many industries because of its covering qualities, lightness, appearance, and durability.

Who a score of years ago would have believed that shopping in large department stores would be made less of an exertion by the use of aluminum escalators? Who would have thought it conceivable then that at the present time we would be able to travel in the China Clipper, in private yachts and gigantic ocean liners composed of such a wonderful metal?

Aluminum ink is used in the printing industry, and even the man on the flying trapeze entrusts his life to this metal. The symphony artist plays on an aluminum violin, and modern dance orchestras vibrate to the melodious rhythm of an aluminum bass.

Because of its beauty, lightness, and permanence aluminum jewelry promises to become very popular. Young ladies of today can wear an aluminum watch which is sixty-five per cent lighter than a watch made from the usual metals.

What effect does it have on the skin? It is a well-known fact that many skins are irritated by brass or chromium. Aluminum, however, does not injure the skin, nor does perspiration noticeably attack it. Even if the skin is broken contact with aluminum has been proved to have no unpleasant reaction.

Since the usual silver coat applied to telescope mirrors is "blind" to extreme ultraviolet light, the development of an aluminum coating for telescopic mirrors is one of the most outstanding improvements in astronomical equipment made in recent years. Brilliant metallic aluminum films have been applied successfully to the astronomical mirrors at both California and Cornell Institutes of Technology.

So many, so vital, so varied are the uses of this magic metal that it is not difficult to forget that people still living have seen virtually its whole commercial history. In fact, our vocabularies are unable to keep in step with its rapid advancements. For example, we still call aluminum containers "tin cans"; we still insist that aluminum waffle molds are waffle "irons"; we still speak of "tin foil," although it is almost entirely composed of aluminum.

## The Answer

As I sat at my desk with more examinations staring me in the face than there were cannons surrounding the Light Brigade the postman brought the current issue of *THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL EDITOR* (Vol. IX, No. 11). I was trying to fill this page, and here were ideas enough to develop for a whole magazine. Of these, just one. I quote from the horse-sense article of Mr. Hilary Leighton Barth, "The Catholic Writer of Tomorrow."

"Let them (the pagans of today) see that what modern civilization offers is not adjusted in any size or shape to the true qualities of our nature, that to a great extent it is the result of the disordered and uncontrolled affections, as well as the illusions of men and women. Let them realize that what they desire and what naturalism can give them are as incongruous as having Benny Goodman hold a jam session on the Grand Canyon at sunset."

Percy Boynton once said to a class of his in Contemporary American Literature at the University of Chicago: "I get supreme satisfaction out of the fact that there are a number of shows now on the boards down in the loop that I don't have to see." He too directed his hammer at the nail over which so many are stumbling.

Too many of us are stumbling with these modern pagans. We try to mount a horse and ride in all directions. With them we seek escapement. Escapement from what? From ourselves! From the stark realities of life! From our conscience, which tells us that if we are to amount to anything and succeed we must face the difficulties of the present, stop drifting with the current, and look at life not for what we can get out of it but for the amount of good that we can do.

We must learn discernment and evaluation. The success of a college dance is not measured by the size of the band which plays for it or the reputation of its maestro. As Emerson said in substance, the qualities of a man's citizenship are not determined so much by the kind of a ballot he drops into the box on election day as by the kind of a man who drops from his chamber every morning.

We, the Catholic writers of tomorrow, will be able to accomplish the things which Mr. Barth so thoughtfully points out only if we are *not* of those "whose concept of their own religion is distorted and incomplete."



*Brushing with hasty steps the dews away*



# Rustic Reverie

ROBERT FITZGERALD (H. S.) '40.

*Milton's words, "In contemplation of created things, By steps we may ascend to God," find exemplification in Mr. Fitzgerald's characterization of Rip, the country lad. You too may find a greater appreciation for the external world as you read this essay.*

Here indeed was the simplest, yet most lovable young man about the countryside. Born of the soil and the toil envolved, he loved them both. Everybody knew and cherished Rip, a name by which he was generally known because of his liking for and his practice of dreaming.

If a boy's dog had a thorn in its foot, Rip was called to extract it. If a girl's pet canary broke its leg in the cage Rip would bandage the injured member.

Gala days in town did not find him joining in the festivities. His leisure time he spent in a far better manner. Reading enthralled him; nature fascinated him.

When one could uncover Rip nowhere else, one needed only to go through the wood to the creek. There he would see him, lying prone upon the bank, his elbows on the ground, his cupped hands under his chin. Gazing fixedly into the water gurgling on its happy way, he would watch for a chance finny creature gliding by. But he never fished. Had it been possible he would have caught the elusive creatures of the water in his hands and tried to tame them.

Again one would see him sitting with his back against a sturdy oak, his hands behind his head, an open book resting on his knees. At such times one realized from those liquid eyes that mused so enrapturedly that Rip's thoughts were far beyond the orchard of the printed page from which he had just gathered fruit.

He loved as well to roam the shaded wood, seeking the beauty open there. There was in this locality not a tree, bush, plant or animal the name of which he did not know.

The wild flowers especially were Rip's delight. He bathed in their perfume; he discovered wonders in each tiny specimen. Yet rarely did he pluck one from its sap of life. I remember but twice when he did so.

Once, after perusing one of his favorite poems, a sudden pensive whim prevailed on him. Stooping, he picked a wild rose and with it marked the place of the poem, "To a Wild Rose."

Another time, in the midst of his wanderings, he met Ann O'Connell, carrying a basketfull of wild blackberries she has gathered just beyond

the clearing. When Ann's attention was diverted from him for a moment, he stooped, snatched up a beautiful white trillium, and slipped the stem through the buttonhole of the jacket she was wearing. Ann did not see the flower until they had parted, or if she did see, pretended not to. But she loved Rip for having placed it there.

Rip possessed an enviable familiarity with the wild creatures of the wood. This intimacy grew out of his tenderness, his kindness toward them. He never set traps for them. Instead, he built quaint bark houses for the birds, and brought them and the four-footed creatures scraps of food.

Often a brown creeper would fly from a bush and alight on his shoulder. The bold bird would cock its little head, survey the situation, and then hop onto Rip's hand to eat the crumbs he held there.

One afternoon I happened upon Rip surrounded by all the signs and tokens of the autumnal season. The leafless trees swayed obsequiously to the passing breeze. The wan, gray light overhead gave evidence that the melancholy days had arrived.

Rip sat propped up against a tree whose fallen leaves had made a lovely, lowly lounge. At his side he had arranged a small collection of nuts. Close by was a frisky red squirrel. It had procured from Rip's hand its favorite food, had hopped back very slightly, and stood on its haunches, munching the nut. I stood silently watching. The next moment the squirrel became bolder. Fearlessly it bounded onto Rip's lap and remained there eating another choice morsel.

My curiosity loosed itself, and I invaded the peace of the tableau set before me. The question in my mind? "Why is Rip so enthralled by the things of nature?" As I drew nearer, his tiny friend turned and scampered away.

I sat beside Rip and broached the question I had so often lacked courage to ask. His answer I shall never forget.

"In nature," he said softly and slowly, his eyes roaming appreciatively, "I see God. I see love. I can observe His beauty and His wisdom everywhere. Was it not God who made that squirrel? Didn't He give it instinct? Because of that instinct the little animal came to know me and to know that I would not harm it.

"The thousands and thousands of varieties of trees and flowers," he continued, "their millions of intricate formations; the law of the rivers, of all waters; the law of the raging winds and the clouds overhead; the wonderful order of the entire universe—all of them speak of love, of God."

Suddenly the slow, staccato sound of drops of rain pelted down upon the leafy couch surrounding us. Noticing it I arose and suggested to Rip that we turn homeward. As the chill, late October shower increased I was inclined to quicken my steps. Rip seemed not to notice it. Silently we plodded through the downpour.

## EDITORIALS

# Inquiry for Catholic Action

JAMES H. COONEY '40.

With the completion of the structure of Catholic Action we cannot rest, thinking the job done. The structure is merely the beginning, in Catholic Action as in other movements. It is necessary, yes, but not effective without the body. This thought of Paul McGuire affords us the embryo of a further campaign for action.

The current situation appears to be a stagnant one. Or perhaps one surrounding a misconception of the real meaning and purpose. For the sake of fundamentals let us renew the definition of Catholic Action as given by Pope Pius XI. "Catholic Action is the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." May these words guide us in a continuance of our work; may they be an incentive for new workers in the field.

I wonder how many Catholic College students today know the real meaning of Catholic Action. That is our duty; to get recruits and train them in our cause. But primarily we, ourselves, must know and act, for if we are not convinced of the worthiness and need of Action and do not practice it we cannot expect to market the idea to those unfamiliar with the work.

Heretofore the meaning of Action has meant little in the true sense of the word. We have talked and written about it, and in many cases that was the extent of our efforts. The worthiness of the movement demands much more than that, but first any action should be preceded by prudent deliberation and activity of the imagination.

The merit of deliberating in a prudent manner can be readily ascertained. It is a prerequisite of any effective movement. Regarding the imagination, that is a factor less obvious. It is associated too generally with day dreamers. Yet when one considers the unusual aspect of progress one finds the use of the imagination playing a paramount role.

Now then concerning the problem of not sufficient Action, a method that will inevitably terminate in Action should be our answer. That, it is true, is a great deal to expect, a program demanding action as a result. However, the Enquiry method of Catholic Actionists of France and Belgium gives us a plausible theory. The method has three parts: it is an observation, a judgment, and an act. It must always lead to an act; it is the nerve center of their method.

The main organization of Catholic Action in France, The Catholic Association of French Youth, has as its first article:



1. As *END*: to insure the collaboration of all classes in re-establishing the Christian social order, by grouping members of different social settings.
2. As *RULE*: submission to the authority of the Church and full assent to all the teaching of the Holy See.
3. As *MEANS*: piety, study, and action.

Analyzing, then, the *End* of the above article shows cooperation, non-discrimination and unity. The *Rule* is fundamental enough to base a method on, and the *Means* give self evidence of being effective within themselves.

Then you ask, how can we of Catholic Colleges apply these principles to our needs? The possibility of adaptation to the situation here in America seems encouraging. First, we already have much action of a kind or other at our disposal. The point is to employ these principles to our present facilities as reinforcing agents. Second, our organizations now in use are aids for action. Make use of them and aid them by support. To go back over our work and accomplishment since the inception of Catholic Action and rejuvenate it or remove any superfluous material, in order to strengthen the structure and make room for necessary matter by testing them with observation, judgment and action; this would be worthy in itself not to mention the benefits to be derived therefrom. Third and lastly, to overcome the absence of correlation between the two foregoing items, we find it necessary to observe the actual situation, judge further possibilities, and follow through with action.

It is not contended that the mere use of these three principles of Enquiry will produce results; not, that they must be employed to insure success; but certainly they are potent enough to merit their use. To say that they must work here in America because they have been gainfully used in France and Belgium does not follow. But we cannot deny that with our added facilities and advantages over these countries in this field we should be able to apply them with maximum effectiveness.

Problems confronting us through a lack of active indulgence in the agencies given for our use by Catholic Actionists are many and varied in so far as there is little visible result of their productiveness in our Catholic Colleges. We care not to cast the fault in any particular direction; we prefer to analyze a few of the fields in which Catholicity is not as prominent as it should be.

Defining a problem (and that is what this situation is) as a lack of adjustment or harmony in a given situation, we could conclude that all participants in a field need cooperation among themselves. Certainly an increase in this direction would increase our end, that of more Catholic College playwrights, not only in volume but in quality, too.

Another field, that of creative writing, is sadly neglected. Novelists, short story writers, and essayists! No indication of their springing forth.

Music, a virgin field; yet apparently there are no composers of ecclesiastical music coming in our distress. Imaginations are badly in need of revitalization, they need exercise.

Scholarship, a virtue to be proud of when attained. In the majority of instances scholarship is an acquired art, a result of effort. Not a thing to be shunned or mocked but to be viewed as an accomplishment worthy of praise. We find a few scholars turned through the portals of our colleges each year, but these are no indication of our faculties. Scholarship, leadership in all fields.

Philosophy, the most fundamental of all sciences, is in need of men to carry on its teaching in non-Catholic institutions. Perhaps college students today are more interested in pursuing courses more practical, with the outlook that they will be fit to assume their small role in the world. The more practical the courses, the better they will be fitted to fill the positions. In other words, college courses have come to be measured by their future ability to return dollars and cents. There is no reason for a denial of this condition; education has received a misconception, and as deplorable as it is, we are confronted by it.

Social work offers a most open field. Catholic University offers an uncomparable course, yet few have registered for it. Willing Catholic laymen, heed the call. America and Christianity need you; your return will be hundredfold.

In these fields mentioned above we have only glanced on a few of those that need stimulus. Catholic Action needs us and we need it. The need is great and the possibilities unlimited. As suggested for a program: close serious observation and the exposition of ailments, prudent judgment concerning the remedy, followed by Action. However, no action can be eminently sustained unless the imagination is kept awake to inform it. Keep it awake and vital, attend the results and reap the benefits.

## Critical Enjoyment

LEO J. GAULRAPP '40.

Though the presses whirl and the reels unroll and reroll, yet man retains the power of choice. This should be an important note. There exists, however, a marked tendency for this choosing act to develop into a most unconscious procedure. Pleasures and pastimes are pointed instances.

A loud objection from a portion of my immediate contemporaries places critically-viewed pastimes in a camp opposed to those chosen with their aim, namely, diversion and a relaxed good time. However, I can

find no foundation for the opposition. If I could be sure of a very widely and justly accepted conception of diversion, the discord would the sooner reach its resolution. Two common and popular wells of pleasure within the reach of all are, indeed, the cinema and printed paper. Through the portals of the cinema steadily pours the crowd, seeking diversion, and with like aim millions sink into easy chairs to read. This is a blessed tonic which helps preserve the nerves of many Americans.

To my mind, however, a great mistake is being made. I refer again to the cinema. The greater number of films published and shown are sadly commonplace. They continue to be poured out wholesale, and most likely will not cease to be so presented as long as box offices run up the figures in dollars and cents. Patronage very naturally encourages further production. The patronage accorded to those motion pictures, those hollow commonplace runs, which by the non-bashful and a bit stiff-necked critics are freely proclaimed cheap and disgustingly worthless, is very discouraging. It is my conviction, furthermore, that these patrons have slipped into the regrettable procedure of choosing unconsciously. Their aim, namely, diversion must, indeed, be poorly served. I consider real diversion to be reached at the point of satisfaction; the object gained could be called satisfied happiness. (Tautology is evident, perhaps, in the last two words, but with happiness so general in use and meaning, I consider it well to stress its foundation note with a like-meaning modifier.) Movie standards won't be raised by the crowd that is urged to attend by the fact that something *is showing* and not because of the *something* that is showing. The refusal to criticize is at the bottom of this social crime.

The critical pleasure seeker will get the satisfied happiness he is after. Logically, the larger this group the easier it will be for all. The critical individual can not be a pessimist. There are too many wonderful things that man has done and is doing to permit that. He who is habitually critical won't very easily become a high-flung idealist to scorn present advancement, for the numberless weak points and hard facts of reality will serve as an effective safety valve. This attitude adopted toward pleasures and pastimes should be specific both *pro* and *con*. This pleasurable criticism isn't something that precedes or is doped out later. Obviously it should be made a keen wilful contemporary of this show, that book, a dance, music.

Much is accomplished by this single critical attitude. We can place the matter under consideration in its proper place, rate it to its class. (Deservedly disappointed is he who attends a light fantasy and raves because it didn't measure a *Hamlet*.) We can strengthen or correct our mental vision of what it should be. Other people soliciting us for an opinion will not receive the black-out enlightenment of *good* or *pretty good*. Our own tastes are sharpened. The enjoyment is entire, for the

story should not be the whole thing in a book or play. What style of word coloring; acting, costume, scenery, lighting, and similar technique? So much to attract our critical appreciation and enjoyment while any of us can absorb the pure tale of a work or production.

In the printed field a critical individual has a decided advantage. The critical reader doesn't necessarily read less than the devourer of pulp and high-pressure fiction, and furthermore he is never caught in the mud of stagnation. The descriptive phrase "a well-read man" is a compliment, surely. Although all critical readers wouldn't deserve it, no man could claim it if he were not such. Being critical, however, doesn't imply that only the very best of things are one's time consumers. Our selection of those *bests* already denotes a foredrawn evaluation, to be continued in actual perusal. We all know, however, that most works and publications can at a leafing or short inquiry be relegated to their class. There is little sense to stiff-necked insistence on "seeing is believing." Otherwise the critical reader is not raised above anybody's level. Then his try at diversion serves but to lead him farther from his goal.

Critical enjoyment then I see as the trademark for successful diversions. A good time is a full time; the critical mind lets nothing go by. An important contribution for this era, which has not time to idle, is that this approach makes the most of that over-preached commodity. An instinct for the *better* is soon developed, and cheap-rate employers of time are then banished.

Noblest offering of all and most unselfish is that such widespread critical habits will advance our culture. We are separated from barbarians largely by this distinction—developed tastes. Since we have found such ample time in which to play in comparison to some past periods, I believe that our culture-standing will be most forcefully mirrored to the eyes of history through our pleasures and our pastimes.



## Book Reviews

*European Note-Book*, by Bernard Wall. New York; Sheed and Ward, 1939, 229 pp.

Bernard Wall, as he says in his introduction, set about to write this book to offer some light on the causes and reasons of the last world war, just as a new war begins. He says, "When one writes under the threat of bombardment from the air, as I am doing now, it is more difficult to avoid the charge of being partial." This tendency, however, he overcame, and partiality has no place in this book. The facts that are set down show things as they are. He has been fair to each race and situation.

In style his book is straightforward, and crisp, though at times where references are made it is somewhat confusing. This confusion is partly brought about by the depth of thought and some of the deeper psychological analysis used in setting forth the type of minds of the different nations and their reactions to their neighbors.

Mr. Wall writes with a logical sequence. There is no dallying around with unnecessaries and deviations. He starts at the beginning, follows the situation carefully, and draws a logical conclusion.

When deciding whether to read this book or not one need not ponder long. It is thorough and enlightening enough to command the attention of any student interested in the modern history of Europe and its basis.

Arthur Loew '41.

*Orchard's Bay*, by Alfred Noyes. New York; Sheed and Ward, 1939, 322 pp.

Alfred Noyes has offered something different in this delightful composition. Beauty-gardeners will be his most rapt readers. He converses of flowers and of trees, of shrubs and vines. The sea and various ponds are tenderly talked over. Considerable time is spent here and there in discussing placement of trees, arrangement of flowers, choice of varieties.

But this is not all. There are other things to color a garden and make it fascinating. The birds and bees have found a spokesman in this volume, and several of the short chapters treat of them. Even the fish in the pool, at least one old one, is the cause of a string of ideas. "Nature methodized" can surely be a home of poetry and verse, and Alfred Noyes has in no way made little of the fact. Snatches of poetry, either his own or from other pens, are scattered throughout the essay, and with very

few exceptions to each chapter has been appended a poem by the author, fitting the foregoing reading.

*Orchard's Bay* offers enticing subject matter, frequently informative. The mode of presentation rounds out the work to be one uniquely delightful. Familiarly penned throughout, it starts on a stroll through this garden, which must be ideally situated, and each appearing item of beauty or interest is poured out as rich as must be the sight itself. Then digressions are copious and will land you most anywhere; just for a hint, with the Greeks, the philosophers, the painters, the poets, the mystics, even in social systems. They spice the narrative and double the fascination of the pages. Beautiful thoughts and ideas are sprinkled gratis.

The style runs along with ease. The essay seems to have been written so one could muse on it. No strong concentration is required to offset the repetition which takes a great deal of the pleasure out of reading. I do not wish to be interpreted, however, as implying that the work is over light, something to be read in a daze. This book has much more worth than that, for a work which demands no trouble returns no interest.

The reader in whose way chances *Orchard's Bay* should not hesitate; not unless he is not thrilled with shrubs and flowers, misses the poem in a tree, dislikes choice philosophizing in his readings, and can not appreciate the moving power of aesthetics.

Leo Gaulrapp '40.

*House of Hospitality*, by Dorothy Day. New York; Sheed and Ward, 1939.

The name of Dorothy Day is almost certainly familiar to any modern student in a Catholic College. I say familiar in the sense that he is aware of her existence and has some vague idea of who and what she is. Her name is found in the secular press from time to time, and more often than not she has been presented as a rabble-rouser, in a rather dark light. Radical she most certainly is, in the sense that she is a reformer; but that is not at all to her discredit as so many of us have at first assumed. There is a definite need for her and her kind. Dorothy Day and her associates are doing a wonderful work for Christ and His Church, and far too many of us are totally unaware of this.

*House of Hospitality*, Dorothy Day's latest book, satisfies a very definite need of ours. It shows her work in its true light. Propaganda it most certainly is, necessary propaganda, anti-communistic, pro-Catholic Worker. Because Dorothy was for so long associated with the Communist Party, both she and the Catholic Worker Movement, of which she is the leader, are still considered by many to be communistic and deserving of our condemnation rather than our support.

This book defies classification. It is at the same time historical, philosophical, sociological, and autobiographical. Miss Day makes it clear that she has attempted to produce no great piece of literature, that the book consists of jottings written during journeys, random notes kept for her own comfort, information and clarification. It does show us who have not been acquainted with the Catholic Worker Movement something of its nature and activities, but the book is by no means a complete history; we cannot criticize it for this. Its value lies in its ability to offer some insight into the wonderful work that Dorothy Day and her associates are doing in the lay apostolate. *House of Hospitality* considered from the material point of view is excellent. It seeks to impart information and to propagandize a worthy venture. In this it is very successful. Any reader of this book will have far greater knowledge of and much deeper sympathies with the Catholic Worker.

When we criticize *House of Hospitality* from the viewpoint of literary form we must do so by considering the nature of the book.

I have already said that *House of Hospitality* defies classification, since it is not historical entirely, nor yet wholly a philosophy nor a sociology, nor an autobiography; but partaking of the natures of each it cannot be criticized from the point of view of formal presentation as any of these types of works. The jottings of which the book is composed are not closely unified; they are presented in chronological rather than logical order. No single idea is carried from paragraph to paragraph. *House of Hospitality* is definitely not art, not literature.

The author's style is not artistic, but plain and powerful. It makes for easy reading, and her division of the book into fourteen chapters has no foundation in the material presented; but the reader will be able to read it a chapter at a time and have enough for any one reading. Once started, he will most certainly make all fourteen readings.

John J. Morrison '40.

# Exchanges

JOHN J. MORRISON '40.

Several weeks ago, when the first issue of the current volume of MEASURE went to press, we excused ourselves from offering critical estimates of our exchanges on the grounds that we did not have on hand sufficient copies of magazines that we receive. That excuse will no longer hold water. Most of our old correspondents have come through with current issues, and we have received magazines from several new exchanges; in response to the petitions sent requesting them there are now current issues of forty magazines in our files. We wish to thank the staffs of all these magazines, old and new, for their hearty cooperation.

Our policy of attempting an evaluation of a few magazines in their entirety will be continued this year. For this issue we have selected five; two from women's colleges, three from men's. Two of these are new to our exchange files; two are very young publications, and the fifth is an old friend.

The first of the youngsters we will review in this issue is THE SPRING HILL QUARTERLY, Winter issue. The magazine makes a nice appearance and is neat and plain from cover to cover. There is an abundance of material and sufficient variety to satisfy the most discriminating. This issue contains three selections of verse, three short stories, three articles, two essays, editorials and a department entitled "Press Gleanings." Our only complaint on the score of material is that there are neither an Exchange Department nor any Book Reviews, and an utter lack of art work.

Among the poems, we like best the sonnet translation of Ignatius Loyola's "Acto de Contrition" because of the beautiful sentiment expressed and its powerful expression; but since this selection is a translation possibly it does not show so much originality as another excellent poem, "Singing River."

The first article, "Why Federal Deficit Spending" is an orderly and thoughtful analysis of government "pump priming" that is exceptionally objective for a selection of this type. The same note of objectivism marks an unusually un-propagandistic article entitled, "Propaganda." "She Knew Him Best," a study of the sister of the late Pope, Pius XI, is a beautiful piece of work and an excellent character study.

While all of the short stories are good, none are exceptional. The one we found most appealing is "Second Dreams."

The two essays are quite dissimilar both in their subject matter and the manner of treating it. "Concerning Conversation" is moderately



familiar, and "Bad History Makes Good Verse" is slightly formal. The treatment of each essay is entirely in keeping with the nature of the topic discussed.

Religious, international and local affairs are treated in the four fine editorials in the magazine. The two we thought best are "Viva Il Papa" and "Peace in Spain."

Press Gleanings is a department entirely different from anything we have seen in any other magazine. It is a collection of oddities in the news, grouped together when possible according to similarity of subject. This department shows that its creators are clever and wide awake. True, the material is in the newspapers, but credit is due those who observe it, recognize its difference from the common run of news items, and arrange it for presentation in Press Gleanings.

The only way that anyone could discover the "youth" of the SPRING HILL QUARTERLY is to note the volume and number on the title page. The magazine is certainly well established with us. Congratulations to the staff. We would suggest, however, that they might contribute something more to completeness by the establishment of Exchange and Book Review Departments, and the introduction of some art work.

Welcome to a newcomer, the SETON QUARTERLY, of Seton Hill College. THE QUARTERLY makes a bright appearance, and a neat one, except for the fact that the sketch on the back cover seems slightly disarranged. This note of brightness is carried through the entire magazine. The Quarterly sets a fine example for most magazines in its art work. There are plenty of illustrations, all of them good ones. From either the quantitative or the qualitative point of view the SETON QUARTERLY leaves little to be desired.

Lightness marks almost every selection in the magazine. All of them have this common note. There is sufficient variety in the types of selections offered — poems, essays, character studies, short stories. Nothing is too heavy; nothing, too frivolous.

Our favorite among the poems is "G K C Discovers the Obvious." While we would hardly call it poetry we found "Vacation Employment" quite amusing.

"My First Christmas" was merely a nicely expressed narration of events with no prevailing theme apparent to us that showed it worthy of special note.

This issue is replete with character studies in essay and short story form. "Leitmotif" is a collection of three character studies, in stories, that is very good but slightly below the peak of qualities attained by another character study that is likewise a good short story, entitled "Matt Talbot." An inferiority complex that is treated in a very superior manner forms the subject matter of "Case History of a Hanwellian," written in the form of an autobiography.

Mickey Rooney, a few years younger than he is now, might well have been able to play the title role of the short story, "Waldo," were it ever dramatized. The story is certainly an entertaining treatment of a plot not at all new—but probably as old as "kid brothers." Two really thoughtful works, still treated lightly, however, are "On Bores" and "Jane Writes a Letter." The latter might have a slightly higher value because of its historical significance.

We did not find the Book Review Department quite up to standard. No really critical estimates are offered of any particular books. For the most part this column consists of a list of recommended books, little more.

Noticeable by their absence are Editorials and Exchanges. We feel the introduction of both would enhance the value of the publication that we have found already quite worthwhile and a welcome addition to our exchanges.

Now for the second of the "Youngsters," NIBS, a Quarterly from St. Edwards University, now in its second year of publication. The appearance of the magazine is favorable; plain, but neat. There is an absolute lack of art work, however, and the introduction of some would undoubtedly liven the pages of the publication.

The contributors to NIBS have strong inclinations toward fiction, for seven of the twelve prose selections in the magazine are short stories. There are two familiar essays, one heavier essay, and two articles. This mass of material is lacking in variety. We would suggest that a few more serious selections be substituted for some of the short stories or added to them. There are absolutely no departments, the importance of which we have mentioned in our last issue.

"Granny" and "Love Letters" are the two familiar essays. The first is a character study that might be considered a short story by some readers. The second is more truly an essay, and is very well written and marked with keen humor.

While none of the short stories lacked any qualities which a good short story should have we liked best "Him" and "Blue Danube." In "Niblets," a department of short shorts, "Behind the Lines" is the most impressive and "Military Objective," while good, seems to us a bit too bitter. The department permits the use of excellent character sketches in story form and is quite worthwhile.

The essay "Co-Operation Is Progress" is commendable from three points of view. It is well written, economically sound, and quite patriotic. This last note is so evident that we detect a faint note of propaganda for the Lone Star State's principal industry.

"Journey to Tomorrow" is a good travelogue, no more. It is informative but has no lasting effects. The other article, "Personal Enemy Num-

ber One," on the other hand, has a social value that should not be minimized.

Poetry is almost as scarce in NIBS as fiction is plentiful. There are but three poems, all good, but two of them are very short (not that brevity detracts from their value). The long poem, "No Man's Garden," we consider the best poem and one of the best selections in the magazine.

Our most severe criticism of NIBS is that it has no departments, Editorial, Books, or Exchanges, and these have a definite place in every college magazine. We would suggest, as we have mentioned, a greater variety in the types of selections published.

"Hello, FORDHAM MONTHLY. You're a newcomer, too." And we're very pleased to make the acquaintance of this attractive magazine. Neat cover, good illustrations, and unusual typography contribute to the pleasant impression made by the MONTHLY.

Did we criticize NIBS for too many short stories in relation to the other materials? Aside from departments all that is contained in the MONTHLY are short stories and poems. Eleven poems and five short stories! To be sure, the subject matter treated by these selections varies widely, but there should be more variety in the types of selections, more essays and articles. We hope to see them in future issues.

All of the short stories are extraordinarily well written. Two of them, "Heaven, Section 13" and "Gift of God," are not so strikingly original as the others, but they are far from being trite. We found "London Air Raid According to St. Luke" to be not only the best short story in this magazine, but the best that we have seen anywhere this year. It is one of the most powerful stories by a college student that we have seen in any college publication. "Noil" and "Goon Squad" are exceptionally good developments of unusual plots. When it comes to fiction Fordham men have "plenty on the ball."

All eleven poems are of very high caliber and contribute a great deal to the total worth of the FORDHAM MONTHLY, but we found three of them particularly moving, namely: "Dictator's Christmas," "Party Boy" and "Retrospective."

The three editorials are of a quality very much in keeping with the rest of the material. The first, "Seasonal Melancholia," however, is the only one with universal appeal, since the rest are concerned with activities of Fordham University. (We might say in passing, though, that we are very much in sympathy with the editor's views of the cut system.)

Frank criticism of three current plays are offered by the author of "The Aisle Seat," but there are no reviews of books or other college magazines. From the quality of their work that we have seen we feel sure that the staff of the FORDHAM MONTHLY could do book-review and exchange work equal to the best, and we would like to see it, along with some selections removed from the field of fiction and poetry.



Our final selection for review in this issue is a magazine that has been in our exchange files many times before, THE MUNDELIN COLLEGE REVIEW. In appearance and makeup it ranks with the best. Neatly and orderly arranged, sufficiently, though not profusely illustrated, physically it is a very attractive magazine. For variety in material we find essays and articles, short stories, verse, features, editorials, and reviews of music, drama, and books. We particularly like the paragraph at the front of the book stating the policy which the REVIEW will follow this year. It is very much in place.

There are four essays and articles, all quite serious. "Lady of My Delight" and "Wilderness Priest" are both biographical, but this similarity does not detract too much from the variety, because the first is of interest to the student of literature while the second seems more important perhaps to someone interested in history. The story of Father Donoghoe's work concerning the proclamation of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Immaculate," as Patroness of the Church was of interest to us mostly because it offered some worth-while information.

It would be hard to choose one of the essays as above the other; all completely cover the subject, all are admirably handled. But we found "Sub Tuum Praesidium" to be most interesting.

The theme of "Mirror for Julia" is strikingly different, and that of "Court Dismissed" is far from the usual run. These stories are superior to most of those in college magazines in that they do not have to rely on plot for their effect; the descriptions and character sketches offered are splendid.

The editorials and reviews are about average in quality; there is nothing exceptional about them, except that they devote space to music and drama which many magazines cannot do because their staffs have not the opportunity to attend the opera, concerts, and plays, as have residents of Chicago.

We have received splendid cooperation from the magazines to which we sent requests for exchanges. We acknowledge receipt of: *The Albertinum*; *Ariston*; *The Aurora*; *The Canisius Quarterly*; *Chimes*; *The College Spokesman*; *Damozel*; *Duquesne Monthly*; *D'Youville Magazine*; *The Essay*; *Exponent*; *The Ethos*; *Fleur De Lis*; *Fonthill Dial*; *Fordham Monthly*; *The Gleaner*; *The Golden Record*; *The Gothic*; *The Grackle*; *Holy Cross Purple*; *The Labarum*; *Lorettime*; *Loyola Quarterly*; *Marquette Journal*; *The Marywood College Bay Leaf*; *The Mundelein College Review*; *The Nazarene*; *Nibs*; *The Ozanam*; *The Palms*; *The Quarterly*; *Rambler*; *Seton Quarterly*; *Sketch*; *The Spring Hill Quarterly*; *St. Benedict's Quarterly*; *The Stylus*; *The Tower*; *The Trinity College Record*; *Verity Fair*.



# Critical Notes

PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.

To *The Commonweal* goes our humble addition of congratulation for the celebration of its fifteenth anniversary. This praise will be, to anyone who knows the magazine, deserving and only just. The weekly has undoubtedly fed a hungry need of the Catholic reading population—and it has done so admirably.

As His Excellency, Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne, has pointed out, mistakes have marred some of *The Commonweal's* pages, but the thirst for truth and goodness has always remained foremost in the minds of the editors. Therefore they are to be praised.

Most commendable, however, is this note which marks the whole history of the publication. It is a positive example of an articulate Catholic laity. The effect which this example should have upon the minds of college men is inestimable. The torch in the hands of these men lights the way; it remains for youth—living men and women—to follow.

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Once more the subject of Catholic Action. It is inescapable.

As I look at the problem here at the beginning of a new school year, a number of patent facts, almost axioms, confront my thinking. There is, for example, this very common point of information that the will cannot act without the necessary informative knowledge. The conclusion is that the youth of today must be shown the problems, the needs, the demands of Catholic life, so that the required action may follow. There is this further observation, that no amount of discussion will possess any meaning unless it results in real action. Such talk will only serve the purpose of increasing the guilt of those who see, admit, and do nothing. Further thought reveals this: that Faith bears with it the very implication of a supernatural state and a Grace that infuses our every act. With the positing of Love, action should follow by necessity. Finally, there is the almost obvious notation that man succeeds best when he makes use of the moral union that operates in mankind. Each man needs his fellow; with him he will begin to make strides.

Now such principles may be as numberless and as undeniable as it is possible to conceive; the fact remains that virtually there is no Catholic Action in Catholic colleges as a whole. That statement is not nearly as bald as the facts which go to substantiate it. How can it be explained (excuse is quite impossible)?